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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1806.

ANECDOTES.

FROM CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

GEORGE FAULKNER.

I had more than once the amusement of dining at the house of that most singular being George Faulkner, where I found myself in a company so miscellaneously and whimsically classed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities, jumbled together from all ranks, orders and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that excentric being, to those who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimickry of Foote, who in his portraits of Faulkner found the only sitter, whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and like Garrick's Ode on Shakspeare, which Johnson said "defied criticism," so did George in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked: at the same time that he was pre-eminently and by preference the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation, which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry: nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody of course was fore-armed, and as there was in his calculation but one super-eminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and hit or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance; I sate at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations with one solitary sodden strawberry at the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery; it was a singular coincidence, that there was a person in company, who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him. This did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth,

and George adverting to an original portrait of Dean Swift, which hung in his room, told us abundance of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the Dean and himself with minute precision, and an importance irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightfully ugly, whilst he swore she was the most divine object in creation. In the mean time he took credit to himself for a few deviations in point of gallantry, and asserted that he broke his leg in flying from the fury of an enraged husband, whilst Foote constantly maintained that he fell down an area with a tray of meat upon his shoulder, when he was journeyman to a butcher: I believe neither of them spoke the truth. George grosecuted Foote for lampooning him on the stage of Dublin; his counsel the prime serjeant compared him to Socrates and his libeller to Aristophanes; this I believe was all that George got by his course of law; but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sate down contented under the shadow of his laurels. In process of time he became an alderman; I paid my court to him in that character, but I thought he was rather marred than mended by his dignity. George grew grave and sentimental, and sentiment and gravity sate as ill upon George, as a gown and a square cap would upon a monkey.

GARRICK.

The brilliant vivacity of Garrick was subject to be clouded; little flying stories had too much of his attention, and more of his credit than they should have had; and certainly there were too many babblers who had access to his ear. There was some precaution necessary as to the company you associated with him at your table; Fitzherbert understood that in general admirably well, yet he told me of a certain day, when Garrick, who had perhaps been put a little out of his way, and was missing from the company, was found in the back yard acting a turkey-cock to a black boy, who was capering for joy and continually crying out—"Massa Garrick do so make me laugh; I shall die with laughing." The story I have no doubt is true; but I rather think it indicates the very contrary from a ruffled temper, and marks good humour in its strongest light. To give amusement to children, and to take pleasure in the act, is such a symptom of suavity, as can never be mistaken.

I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it over-peered all its neighbours, as Shakspeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mounted to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very acme of his fame, but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustic multitude below: what the song

was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know, that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate.

SELECTIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

ON CALUMNY.

From the American Magazine—1745.

It is an old and very just maxim, that the corruption of the best things becomes the worst; and it appears in our modern way of writing characters. For whereas nothing is more instructive, or more entertaining, when skilfully and faithfully drawn; so it is not easy to imagine any manner of writing more capable of deceiving the understanding, and poisoning the affections, than this very method of characterizing, when maliciously applied. It is, indeed, the most compleat violation of the ninth commandment; which, if I am rightly informed, runs literally thus, *Thou shalt not rise up a false witness against thy neighbour;* which is the most emphatick description that can be given of such a writer. He does not stay till he is called, but he rises, or rather his passions stir him up, not to speak the truth for the sake of justice, but to spread the idol of his own invention, and to shew the character of his neighbour in a false light to the people.

The moral characters of Theophrastus is not only one of the most elegant, but one of the most instructive works of antiquity. Here we see what satire ought to be, because here we see the characters of the vicious, without any injury done to particular men. The philosopher had a mind to hold up a mirror to his disciples, in which, if they were guilty, they might see themselves, and, by a view of their deformities, be led to amendment.

Many of our modern writers, take quite a contrary method, because they have an intention opposite to his; they write with a design not to instruct, but to expose; their views is not to raise a hatred against vice, but an aversion to particular men, and therefore they do not exhibit the faults they find, but attribute such qualities to the persons they describe, as in their own opinion will render them most odious. For this reason, as philosophic characters ought to be esteemed the most useful, so this sort of daubing ought, in the opinion of every candid, generous, and well-meaning man, to pass for the very worst kind of practice that either pen or pencil can be employed in. It ought to be distinguished from hasty or passionate reproach, as the law distinguishes man slaughter from murder; the former is in some measure excused, as flowing from a sudden start of temper, whereas the latter proceeds from a premeditated design of destroying, and therefore, tho' it may sometimes meet with, yet it has not the least claim to forgiveness.

This crime resembles murder too in another respect, where there are minds black enough to conceive a design of committing it, no armour can prove a sufficient defence. Vain are the finest accomplishments, useless

the most illustrious virtues ; for as it is in the power of the meanest assassin to destroy the greatest, so the best, of men are always in the reach even of the lowest scribbler in this way. Socrates, the worthiest of all the ancient philosophers, in spite of his good qualities, notwithstanding his inoffensive behaviour, and the purity of his manners, had not only his reputation torn to pieces, but his life taken away by a couple of pitiful declaimers, who had exercised themselves in this kind of picture drawing.

He was in himself a man of the greatest piety, had the justest and truest notion of moral virtues, and had done more towards cultivating human reason, and the minds of men, than all the sages that went before him ; and yet these miscreants undertook to represent him as an absolute atheist, one who debauched the manners, and corrupted the understandings of his disciples. The mob, to whom they shewed the picture, were mad enough to think it like him, in that fit of madness, condemned the original, who suffered 'tis true, but for a moment ; posterity has done justice since to him and to them. We pay to his memory every thing short of adoration, and we scarce think any punishment bad enough for them.

When one reflects cooly upon this, when one remembers what every bad man has a power of doing, and how little the best are exempted from suffering, ought it not to check us in giving credit to such kind of invidious characters, and furnish an antidote to the poison ? Would any man be content if the world should frame an opinion of him from the report of his most bitter adversary ? or would he think it fair to ask another man's enemy for his true character ? If not, how can he reconcile to himself shewing the least indulgence to such pieces, or why should he subject himself to that elegant reproof of the satyrist,

The reader's malice helps the writer's wit.

It is the duty of such as have any regard to their own reputation, to be tender of other men's. Whenever a character is set before them, they ought to consider with what view it is written, to what end presented them to read. It should be their first enquiry, whether he who drew it had a just call ; their next whether he has proper skill. It would be ridiculous to expect a likeness from a painter who had never seen the object he pretended to depict ; but is there less folly in believing a writer should be able to strike out the moral likeness of one with whom he never conversed, with whose thoughts he is unacquainted, whose discourses he never heard, of whose actions he can be no proper judge ? but above all, can there be any madness equal to that of believing a man who is known to have an interest in deceiving, who speaks with no other view, and who loses his time if he does not make you lose your senses ?

MANNERS AND DIVERSIONS OF A SYRAIN VILLAGE.

BY A LATE TRAVELLER.

From Antioch we proceeded along the plain during the whole day, and reached the village of Salkeen, where we passed the night ; and meeting with the guards who had been discharged by Mr. J. at Antioch, several of them joined our party. On the following day the road was by no means good,

and the heat of the weather proved inconvenient. In the afternoon we had arrived at Marravaun, of which we had heard sufficient to excite the curiosity of the most torpid traveller. In truth, the extraordinary customs of the inhabitants are so irreconcileable to our ideas of propriety, and so diametrically opposite to every thing we imagine a principle of devotion, that, were not the facts ascertained beyond a doubt by many authors of respectability, I should scarcely venture to expose my veracity to the suspicions which may arise from a detail of the occurrences witnessed.

Upon entering the village, the inhabitants flocked around us, and, before we could dismount from our horses, eagerly seized upon some part of our cloathing, and invited us to accompany them home. Men and women were equally solicitous, and equally loud in endeavouring to attract our attention. Amongst them a well looking man, in company with three or four females, no less favoured by Nature than himself, in spite of their olive-coloured complexions, whispered into my ear the Turkish words, *'Keff-var, Keff-vargeld!* "Much pleasure awaits you, come with me!"—My companion, as well as myself, was well disposed to enjoy the hospitable offer; and, resisting the repeated attempts of others to withdraw us from our exulting host, we entered the doors of his mud-walled residence. The women were dressed in lose vests, with a head-dress rising in a point and unlike any we had seen, they were joyous, familiar, and vociferous. Unfortunately the conversation was almost confined to themselves, for of Arabic I understood not a word; and my companion, whose knowledge of the eastern language was extensive was too recently arrived to be familiar with the pronunciation of our new associates. The house continued a scene of hurry and activity, until a smoking piloh and a roasted kid engaged us all at the same table. A spirituous liquor was haded round, and the highest conviviality was manifested by all our hosts and hostesses, of whom we had three men and four women.

After paying a serious attention to our meal, coffee and pipes succeeded. The men disappeared one after, the other, then returned again amongst us, for a few minutes; seemed amazingly well pleased with the jokes which circulated among themselves, accompanied by gestures evidently intended to impress us with the idea that we were perfectly at home; and at length we remained without interruption in the full enjoyment of the ladies' society.

Such a contrast to the jealous prohibitations established throughout the countries in which we had travelled, and even to the prevailing manners of those immediately surrounding the village itself, was calculated to excite our curiosity as much as our surprise; and to have ascertained the reality of circumstances, which, when reported to us, we could only regard as the invention of pleasantry or fiction, was a subject of astonishment, which afforded us ample room for discussion during the rest of our journey.

In the morning we were greeted with the most friendly and obliging salutations. The women as well as the men accompanied us to the house where the horses had been put up; and a present of a few piastres to our liberal host closed their compliments and our adventure.

The history of these people is still but little understood, although the Europeans resident at Aleppo have frequently paid a visit to the village of Marravaun as well as to that called Tefteen, which, at a few miles distance, is inhabited by the same race. They are said to be of the sect of the Ansarians; a tribe whose origin is traced to an old man, who lived in the year 891, at a village named Nasa, near Kooffa; and amongst a variety of extaordinary tenets, a principal object of their devotion is the distinctive attribute of the female sex. From hence, as a natural consequence, may be deduced their religious attention to a multiplication of its enjoyments; and, with a pious regard to their opinions upon the subject, they embrace every opportunity thrown in their way by the arrival of strangers, without any kind of attention to their age, their rank, or their religion!

"They hold frequent assemblies, where promiscuous connection is the conclusion of such ceremonies as they have thought proper to adopt in the fulfilment of their worship; but what these previous ceremonies are, seems

to be unknown, or involved in doubt or obscurity. The men are of a much darker complexion than the women, and pay little attention to the external ornaments of their dress, which is similar to the common habit of the Arabs. Many of the women were not only clean, but much more attractive than has been expressed by several travellers, whose reports were rather grounded upon hearsay than positive evidence. Their limbs are finely formed, as is generally the case where Nature is not confined by the trammels of dress; and their teeth are beautifully white."

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG.

BY DIBDIN.

I was saying to Jack, as we talk'd, t'other day,
About lubbers and snivelling elves,
That if people in life did not steer the right way,
They had nothing to thank but themselves.
Now when a man's caught by those mermaids the girls,
With their flattering palaver and smiles,
He runs, while listening to their fal de rals,
Bump ashore on the Silly Isles.
Thus in steering in life, as in steering with us,
To one course in your conduct resort,
In foul winds leaving luff and so near, keep her thus,
In honor's line ready,
When fair keep her steady,
And neither to starboard incline, nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,
And helm has a trim and right scope,
Not luffing, but keeping the ship full and by,
He may weather the Cape of Good Hope;
But if he steers wide in Temptation's high sea,
And to pleasure gives too much head way,
Hard a port goes the helm, the ship's brought by the lee,
And she founders in Botany Bay.

In wedlock so many wrong courses are made,
They part convoy so oft and so fast,
'Till so fond they are grown of that same Guinea trade,
Cape Farewell is their anchorage, at last:
Some men I must own to be dubbed may be born,
But this for the wives I will say,
They seldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn
'Till the husbands have showed them the way.

As to mutinous spirits that through the world roll,
If we had them aboard, Jack, with we,
They should make no man's land and skulk thro' lubber's hole,
And at last be laid in the Red Sea.
But fine honest fellows to Honor so dead,
Shall in this world by nothing perplex'd,
Of False Bay get to windward, bring up in Cape Clear,
And bespeak a snug birth in the next.

THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Yes—sweet is the joy when our blushes impart
The youthful affection that glows in the heart:
If prudence, and duty, and reason approve,
The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

But if the fond virgin be destined to feel
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
Let parents relentless the flame disapprove,
Where's then the delight of a virgin's first love?

If stolen the glance by which love is exprest,
If sighs when half heaved be with terrour suppress,
If whispers of passion suspicion must move,
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Or if (ah! too faithful!) with fondness she sighs
For one who has ceased her affections to prize,
Forgetting the vows by whose magic he strove
To gain the rich treasure, the virgin's first love;

If tempted by interest he ventures to shun
The gentle affection his tenderness won,
Through passions's soft maze with another to rove,
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

Her eyes when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,
Now beams with disdain, and now glistens with tears;
Ah! what can the arrow then rankling remove!
Farewell the delight of the virgin's first love.

And see sad companion of mental distress,
Disease steals upon her in health's flattering dress,
Ah! surely that bloom every fear should remove;
Ah! no—'tis the effect of the virgin's first love.

Still brighter the color appears on the cheek,
Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak:
But vain are the hopes these appearances move,
Fond parent! they spring from the virgin's first love.

And soon, while unconscious that fate hovers near,
While hope's flattering smiles on her features appear,
No struggle, no groan, his approaches to prove,
Death ends the fond dream of the virgin's first love.

THE SEPARATION.

ANONYMOUS.

The look that she gave me, when she bade me adieu!
The sigh that escap'd when she said "we must part;"
Her hand, as I press'd it while slow she withdrew—
Still live in my memory, still thrill in my heart.
Her tear-moisten'd handkerchief, waving "farewell,"
From the vessel too cruelly swift in its course—
Her signs, as if she had something to tell,
Each moment return, and return with new force.

For who could forget—who remember unmov'd,
Such charms as Indifference fondly might trace ?
Who that once lov'd like me, like me was belov'd
By *beauty* and *gentleness*, *virtue* and *grace ?*
Yes—she lov'd me. How sweet, how transporting the theme !
Though *far*, and *forever*, she's gone from my sight,
It warms each reflection, presides in each dream,
And even gives *absence* a tinge of delight.
Though cruel the thought—"ne'er to meet her again ;
Time and distance their power unavailing will prove :
Though heavy between us the lengthening chain,
'Twas form'd by *esteem*, and is fasten'd by *love*.
Is she absent ? Oh no. Still her beauties appear ;
My soul dwells entranc'd on the vision divine.
Her voice of affectionate music I hear—
In the accents of heaven, it says, "I AM THINE."

In an obscure church-yard in Yorkshire, is the following epitaph. The subject of it was unfortunately killed by the descent of the stick of a rocket, as is indeed explicitly told us by the poet—

"Here I lie,
Kill'd by a sky-
Rocket in my eye."

Emulous of the praise which the above ingenious composition received from the rustics of the village, a rival rhymster on the death of a poor ostler who was driven over, produced two lines which 'supplied the place of elegy,' and ran thus—

"Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise."

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Nicholas [illegible]rne, to Miss Sarah Dalrymple.

DIED,

At Boston, Rev. Peter Jayne, aged 29, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In this town, Mrs. Susannah Patterson, aged 62, widow of the late Mr. William Patterson, who died a few days since.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ "A VISIONARY" shall occupy the front ground of the next Visitant.

☞ We regret that "THE RANGER, No. 2," was received too late for this week's Visitant. It shall appear in our next.

☞ "HIRAX," will please to accept the same apology.

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